

The Fisk Herald.

VOL. VI.

DECEMBER.

NO. 4.

—SPECIAL ATTENTION TO STUDENTS—

OUR MEN'S AND BOYS'
CLOTHING

Is unquestionably the best (ready-made) sold in Nashville.

IT FITS BEST,
IT WEARS BEST,
IT IS BETTER MADE,

And will wear and keep its shape better and longer than any other Ready-made Clothing obtainable in this market.

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They know that CLOTHING WE SELL is "O. K." in every particular.

We have the Best \$10.00 Suits and Overcoats.

We have the Best \$15.00 Suits and Overcoats.

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We have the Best \$25.00 Suits and Overcoats.

We have got the BEST OF EVERYTHING in the way of Men's and Boys' Clothing, and the People of Nashville know it.

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English Cape Over Coats.
English Fitting Pants.
English Derbys and soft Hats.
Irish Tweed Suits.
English Plaid Cheviots Suits.
French Chinchilla Overcoats.

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A MONTHLY COLLEGE JOURNAL PUBLISHED BY THE LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF FISK UNIVERSITY.

VOL. VI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER 1888.

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—THE FARMER BOYS— VACATION.

F. B. COFFIN.

(Continued from last issue.)

The burning month of July.
Found me in the forest
Exercising my maul and adz.
And I thought I would be there until
harvest.

But, pshaw! the middle of July.
A certificate brought to me.
And that was a signification,
That a school teacher I should be.
When first I entered the school-room,
It was a tedious job for me;
For the honor of being a school teacher
Had never been presented to me.

And always before the public
I am very unostentatious
So my feelings can be imagined.
Before ninety-three intelligent faces.

But after I got started.
I found it as other work,
Requiring faithful, steady doing,
And not leaving room for to shirk.

And all along through August.
I exercised the patience of Job,
With one hundred and thirty-seven people
And trying to spare the rod.

I closed school the middle of September,
And went back to my father's field,
Enjoying the autumnal breezes,
And bringing in the sheaves.

The twenty-ninth of September
In the cotton patch my father turned
And said "leave these hills, boy,
Get thee hence and learn."

I stopped, meditated and scratched my
head.

But I packed my trunk that night.
The next morning I rose with the sun,
And was ready to take my flight.

That day at half past two o'clock.
I bid the farm adieu.
And sought for the walls of Fisk
To find out what I knew.

This is what you might call,
My summer's declaration,
And through it all can see,
How I spent the vacation.

And grant that I like this sweet smell,
May Jesus 'image' bear,
And spend my life, my all to tell,
How sweet his mercies are.

O! when my mortal days are done,
When I meet the lamb that died,
Grant, O grant thy evening son,
to rest among the glorified.

Another summer its course has run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest;
By night and by day Thou wast my sun
With many thanks Thou shalt be blest.

It is said that more than fifty of the
best known ladies of Battle Creek,
Michigan, have formed a dressing
reform club and declare themselves
against bustles, high heels, tight shoes,
and stiff corsets.

A Georgia paper explains why so
many school teachers are old maids.
It is because no woman of common
sense is willing to give up a sixty dol-
lar position for a ten dollar man:

EXTREMES AND EXTREMISTS.

[Annual Address delivered before the Students' Conference at Central Tennessee College, Friday night, Nov. 23, 1888.]

HENRY H. PROCTOR, '91.

IN all extremes there is danger. When Aeneas fleeing fallen Troy was wandering hither and thither upon the great highway of the sea in search of his native land, he sought Helenus, the seer, for prophetic guidance. In directing him upon his journey the prophet cautioned him of two points of danger, two vast whirlpools, Scylla and Charybdis. Charybdis, on the left, advised he, sucks the vast waves down into the lowest depths of its abyss, and spouts them forth into the air again, lashing the stars with its waves; while Scylla, on the right, lurks within the dark recesses of a cave, stretching her terrible jaws and dragging down the ships upon its rocks.

From this graphic description by Virgil it is evident that Aeneas must neither stray too far to the left nor too far to the right, but keep in the middle of the course, for in dodging Scylla there is danger of getting into Charybdis.

Than this what can be more suggestive of the fate of mankind? for in dodging Scylla he is ever getting into Charybdis. Like the pendulum of the clock humanity is continually swaying from extreme to extreme. The world's history is but the record of humanity's continual shifting from one extreme to another. From the the highest heights of heaven to the deepest depths of hell, angels fell. From the divine bliss of Eden to the

hardships of the thistle covered earth, our common father fell. The Jews, once the most pious race of earth, established themselves the most impious by committing the vilest deed on record—the crucifixion of the world's Redeemer.

The Athenians went to the extreme in the culture of the fine arts; while the Spartans went to the extreme in physical tactics. About the time Greece was in the height of its glory may be considered the fighting period, when for the most trivial offense nations marshaled their hosts on bloody fields of battle, where "men fell as falls the bearded rye beneath the reapers steel." Then followed a reign of peace, when men "beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks." Not the nation which has gone to the extreme either in war or in peace has been the most prosperous nation, but that nation which has, happily struck the golden mean.

Most nations have their own peculiar extremes. For instance, the French have gone to the extreme of fashion; the Germans to that of war; the Russians to that of despotism; the Japanese to that of isolation; the Chinese to that of heathanism; the English to that of dominion; and the Americans have gone to the extreme of fast living. These nations, it is easily observed, have not been exempt from the evils arising from their particular extremes.

Often one nation in avoiding the extremes of another has gone to other extremes. In dodging Scylla they have unwittingly got into Charybdis. Thus the tendency of the old world was toward restrictions, which course

of affairs, to be sure, had its share of evils. In shunning this mistake the new world has advertised itself as the country of free thought, free speech and free action—a country where every man can do almost as he pleases. A glance at the condition of affairs in our country will reveal at once the many evils arising from this extravagant use of freedom.

Mormonism has flourished within our borders. Catholicism has threatened our free institutions. Anarchy has inflicted us with its destructive schemes. Intemperance, like a monster of Herculean proportions, has stalked about with stolid indifference defying law and order. On account of the extreme laxity of the law, Mobocracy, with all its pernicious and contemptible terror, has reigned in our southland!

But we need not go to history alone for examples of dodging Scylla and getting into Charybdis, for they occur in our lives every day. Who of us is not guilty of robbing Peter to pay Paul? The student is sometimes in danger of putting too much time upon his arithmetic at the expense of his grammar, or too much time upon his language to the sacrifice of his science.

All who teach have doubtless observed this fact, that discipline too severe is as harmful as when there is none whatever. What is needed is to strike the golden mean, thus calling forth the love and respect as well as demanding the obedience of the pupil.

Says a writer: "Extremes are dangerous, a middle course is the safest, as a mild temper between a still calm and

violent tempest is the most helpful to convey the mariner to his desired haven." Who admires the howling gust of a day in March? Or who delights in a still hot day in the mid-summer when all nature seems fatigued and at rest, breathing forth its heated breath? But who does not feel the better chords of his nature touched, as if by magic, when he has experienced a day which strikes the golden mean of these—a perfect day in June? Who likes to behold the dazzling sun in its brilliancy as it nears the zenith? But who will not stop, enraptured at the view, to bathe his soul in the glory of the Orient as Aurora, the rosy-fingered daughter of the morning, besprinkles the eastern skies with tints of gorgeous beauty? Or who does not delight at the close of day to behold the tranquil beauty of the evening sun as it dips its wheels in the fiery billows of the western sea?

Summer with its heat and winter with its cold have few admirers. But spring and autumn, minus the rigid qualities of summer and winter, elicit the admiration of all. Even Nature, in its adjustment of the seasons and in its distribution of plant and animal life seems to have given a just recognition to this law of the golden mean. For, the best and most satisfactory development of vegetable and animal life is found in neither the Torrid, the zone of extreme heat, nor the Frigid, the zone of extreme cold, but in the Temperate, the intermediate of these.

The Esquimaux, dwelling in a clime where ice and snow continually abide, is as low in civilization's scale, as the African who amid extreme heat trav-

erses the burning sands of an equatorial desert. On the other hand, Greece and Italy with their mild climate, have given to the world their warriors, scholars and poets. England, situated in a mild climate, has become "a power which has dotted the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum beat, following the sun, keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." The United States with a climate unsurpassed for its mildness has produced a civilization, the like of which, the world has never seen.

The old philosopher's desire had in it an element of fore-thought and wisdom, which he expressed when he said, "Give me neither riches nor poverty; for if I was rich I might get proud and become puffed up, and if I was poor I might be tempted to steal." Neither he who is richest nor he who is the poorest is to be envied. Can Jay Gould with his millions be content? or the pauper in his rags be happy? Nay, verily! Behold two pictures, one of extreme poverty, the other of extreme wealth.

First consider the poor man. He has no abiding home. He lives here to-day, but yonder to-morrow. His children cry for bread and clothing. The wife is bent with toil in assisting to keep the grim wolf of hunger from the door of their humble dwelling. The grocer refuses to let him have credit longer. The merchant lets him have no more goods without *cash*. By some accident the employment upon which he depends for his daily bread is shut down this week;

so he is left in the lurch. For the want of proper attire his children cannot appear at the day-school, the Sunday school nor the church. So they grow up ignorant, irreligious and vicious. His friends are few, if any. He is ostracized, perhaps. For the world treats a man well just as long as it pays to treat him well. His lot is a miserable one; his path a stony one to travel. Without further considering this sad picture we instinctively turn from it filled with pity and sadness, and with a sigh we say such life is not our choice.

Let us now consider the other picture, the opposite extreme of this. The man of wealth, with his millions on deposit, surrounded with superb upholstery, numerous attendants, splendid horses, faring sumptuously every day, having every luxury which wealth can give—at first glance we think him happy. Let us see. Addison says that riches expose a man to false pride, luxury and a foolish elation of the heart. Says another aptly, "the heart contracts as the pocket expands." Again it is truly said that there is a burden of care in getting riches, fear in keeping them, guilt in abusing them and a burden of account to be rendered up at last concerning them. Upon this point the Bible, also, speaks in words so emphatic as not to be misunderstood: "Ye rich men, go weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon you! How hardly shall they who have riches enter into the kingdom of God. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of

heaven." Solomon, intoxicated with extreme wealth and power, was led to exclaim in despair, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity!" The rich man often thinks more of his "almighty dollar" than of his Almighty Creator. He knows not what time his riches may take the wings of the morning and flee to the uttermost parts of the universe and leave him penniless.

Without argument we conclude that such a life is not our choice. Then our choice must be the golden mean of these positions: neither Scylla nor Charybdis, but the middle course, which, says the philosopher, is the best, for extremes touch; it is but a step from one to the other, and men are as much blinded by extreme prosperity as by extreme adversity.

Who ever heard of the millionaire more than of the pauper beyond the age in which they lived? A noteworthy exception to this general rule is that large-hearted and liberal-minded class of men to which belongs Mr. Hand of Connecticut, who so recently gave the munificent sum of a million dollars to the education of the Negro in the South. To such it is impossible for us to express fitting gratitude. May their number increase. But, generally speaking, it is the middle class of men who are the world's real benefactors. The warrior, the statesman, the poet, the author, the artist, the orator, the clergy, not completing the list, have for the most part come from the middle class of men.

For example take the author. The rich man does not feel the necessity

of confining himself to such arduous labor as a means of living. The poor man has not time to wait for an accumulation of sufficient reputation to devote himself to this as a means of sustenance. For with him it is a question of dollars and cents. So it is the man of medium circumstances who devotes himself to the higher pursuits of life, and thus becomes humanity's real benefactor.

In the present incumbent of the Presidency we have a striking illustration of the result of one's elevation from extreme obscurity to extreme prominence and power. Stepping as he did from hangman to the Presidency, he has assumed an egotism unparalleled in public officials, a big-headedness, (to coin a word,) which has become notorious. Lifted suddenly to the head of his party he has snubbed and disregarded party leaders of long standing reputation and acknowledged statesmanship. In defiance of congress, a body which represents to a great degree the intellect and statesmanship of the country, he has issued so many vetoes that he has unquestionably established himself the "veto" President. As such he will go down in history; that is, if he goes down at all. The vetoes of all his illustrious predecessors combined, including such statesmen as Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Jackson, Lincoln and others, amounted to *seventy-five* in a reign of *ninety-six* years. But *Mr.* Cleveland, wise and patriotic, in a short term of *four* years has issued *three hundred* vetoes, four times as many as all the other Presidents combined! And upon the ballot which the nation cast a few

days ago was likewise inscribed, in letters not to be misapprehended, his favorite word "Veto"—to democratic supremacy!

His undue adsorption to the pronoun "I" is remarkable, indeed. In reply to the committee which informed him of his renomination as leader of what we now know as a lost cause, he used the word "myself eight, "me" ten and "I," big I, twenty eight times. Thus in a five minutes speech he used "I" in its various forms forty-six times, and the word nation—twice! But, fortunately for the country, this egotistic public functionary has been weighed in the balances of the nations millions and found wanting. And the American people are to be congratulated upon the fact that the control of the ship of state has once more fallen into the hands of the grand old party of a quarter of a century, with that modest yet dignified statesman, Benjamin Harrison, at the helm.

Neither he who goes to the extreme as a theorist nor he who totally disregards theory produces lasting and beneficial results. He it is who can combine in one golden mean theory and practice. There are two kinds of farmers: one who raises his crop (in his mind) by sitting in his room theorizing, cultivating the fertile fields of his imagination.

The other ignorant of all the laws of agriculture digs away in sunshine and in rain but makes no crop at all. It is the farmer who knows the theory and understands as well the practice who enjoys that superb delight of having the lowing cattle on many a hill, the sleek animals of

many pastures, the waving meadow, the ripening grain, the shooting corn, the bounteous orchards of ripened fruit, and barns and cellars stored with plenty.

Once in a southern city two men, doubtless moved by an impulse, devoted themselves to investigation. One sat in his room theorizing as to how he might make an "air-boat," which could be used for sailing over the country from place to place. With theoretical gravity he sat and sat, he thought and thought, but his *air-boat* did not materialize nor has the world been improved by his far-fetched theoretic investigation. The other went into a room with a hammer and a few wires, combining theory and practice (mark you,) and after a short while produced the cotton gin, which has immortalized Whitney and has been an inestimable blessing to mankind throughout the realms of civilization.

A noted extreme theorist is reported to have spent his whole life-time in the study of the Greek noun, and died lamenting the fact that he had not devoted himself exclusively to the genitive case. Such a mind, if tempered to the golden mean, might have left a magic impress on the world which would have been felt throughout ages to come. But, alas, wasted genius!

If we may be permitted to digress a moment from the plane of thought upon which we are now considering our subject, let us take a glance at the world of dress in which we find two extreme and conspicuous personages—the dude and the foggy. The dude makes the mistake by excessive dressing and by prematurely donning every

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new costume the fashion-maker hangs out, before it has been accepted and approved by the common sense and better judgment of the general public. The conservative old fogey makes the opposite mistake by entertaining a premature aversion to everything new and by holding on to the old long after others have laid it aside, thus making himself as oddly and ridiculously conspicuous as his opposite character, the dude. We may be sure in shunning these undesirable extremes by following Pope's maxim:

"Be not the first by whom the new are tried,

Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

This desirability of the golden mean holds nowhere more true than in literature. Shelly wrote in high philosophical verse. Wordsworth painted characters beautiful but impracticable and in some cases, perhaps, inimitable. Milton soared to the heights of heaven, descended to the unfathomable caverns of the bottomless pit, painted angels and demons, paradise and Hell. Byron, a man of genius but of little moral character, created characters like unto his own. He worked on the base, the depraved side of human nature, in striking contrast with Wordsworth. But it was reserved for England's bard, William Shakespeare, true to nature, semi-inspired, to strike the golden mean of these.

The works of Shakespeare we prize next to the Bible. Into them can we look as into a mirror, and whatever manner of man we may be, behold ourselves as we are. Striking the golden mean as he does, in his fidelity to nature, between the high and the low, the base and the noble, it is the genius of the immortal Shakespeare we find

so indelibly impressed upon the character of mankind that time itself seems inadequate to the task of effacing it. Upon his tomb was fittingly inscribed this epitaph: "In judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates, in art a Virgil".

Well has it been said that perfect reason avoids all extremes. Extreme views are never just. Some have too much confidence in human nature, others too little. An ancient sage has given this advice: "Treat every man as a thief until he proves himself honest," which is about as absurd as its opposite extreme: Treat every man as honest until he proves himself a thief. By the first method we might find ourselves in a very embarrassing position, treating honest men as thieves. By the second we might find our confidence misplaced and abused, financially perhaps, in treating thieves as though they were honest men. Since neither one of these positions is safe our only alternative is, as our universal rule in life should be, the golden mean.

We all admire, love and venerate John Brown, God given John Brown, who by his act though rash lit the torch of our country's freedom which burns more brightly as time goes on. We admire his intrepid courage and bravery, we love to think of his great spirit of freedom. But we regret to say that he was an extremist. By his extreme act he ended a life one of the noblest given to mankind. By discretion he might have accomplished the same result and have been spared to devote many of his years to the people his indiscrete valor helped to liber-

(Continued on 11th page.)

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DECEMBER 1888.

EDITORIAL.

THOUGHTLESSNESS on the part of any one is a serious misfortune and should be corrected very early in life. It leads to the promotion of bad habit and ends in a miserable character. When we see our trees, so young and tender, stripped of their branches and the sod, which has cost so much time and labor, being trampled down about the bell house and around the North-hall door and our beautiful yard which is so delightful in

spring, being laid off here and there by unnecessary foot paths, we are compelled to conclude that some are either thoughtless or careless. We feel it our duty to speak of this matter and help the Faculty, if possible, to effect a correction. We therefore ask the trespassers to be a little more thoughtful and have a little more regard for the beauty of our grounds.

THE DAY OF PRAYER FOR A. M. A.

THIS day, as observed by us each year, not only brings to our minds the many pleasant recollections of the noble Heroes and Heroines who have figured so largely in and given so copiously of their means for the noble cause of education among us in the way of planting all over our Southland Schools, Semenaries, Colleges and Universities, but it also calls forth that philanthropic spirit within us, prompts with high and noble aspiration to enter upon life's bivouac, and boldly confront for our selves the most difficult problems of the age.

We do not mean by this that we depreciate in the least the noble deed of benevolence by the hand of those who in those dark days when the cloud of ignorance and superstition was yet hanging heavily above us, sacrificed their social circle, their happiness, their comfort, and many even endangered their lives in our behalf, but we do appreciate the idea that we recognize the fact that upon us rests a greater responsibility.

These beneficent gifts and noble sacrifices were only beginnings. The future and final destiny of our race is to be wrought by our own hand.

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THE FISK HERALD

We believe that through these noble institutions, fostered and watered by the hand of God, through his wise providence, we as a race, before many more decades shall have passed, will stand on the same level with the most favored races of the world.

THE CORNER STONE LAID.

THE laying of the corner stone of the Fisk Gymnasium and Mechanical Laboratory, Dec. 3, was an event of no little importance. When completed and equipped, which we are assured will be done at no distant date, it will be the only Negro gymnasium in the world (with possibly one exception.) The readers of the HERALD are, perhaps, familiar with the origination of the movement toward the establishment of this much needed adjunct to Fisk. But perhaps a reiteration of the facts at this time may not be amiss.

At the beginning of last term four or five young men, sitting on the front steps of Livingstone were discussing in a leisurely way such topics as school boys ordinarily do, when, the conversation drifting on to weightier matters, one of the number brought up the subject of a gymnasium.

The idea was contagious. It brought forth at once an interesting and, as we now know, a profitable discussion. Accordingly, the plan was laid before the body of the students, discussed and adopted. A committee was appointed to lay the opinion of the school before President Cravath, who most heartily endorsed the movement. Students were then appointed as agents to raise funds in the city, and suc-

ceeded in getting a considerable sum.

While some of the young men were soliciting contributions others, exercising their muscles in advance of the gymnasium, were engaged in the work of excavating for the foundation.

Thus in a two-fold way the work went steadily on. President Cravath generously made the proposition that he would supplement every dollar raised by students with two more. Contributions were also secured by the Fisk Glee Club in their northern tour last summer.

The foundation walls were laid last summer in the excavation made by the young men before their departure for vacation. About December 1st, the brick work was commenced and on the 3rd, the corner stone was laid. By the time this reaches our readers the outer work, it is hoped, shall have been completed.

How joyfully do Fiskites see its walls arise! What an unexpected realization so soon of the school boys' dream a year ago! Who twenty five years ago would thought of such a thing as a Fisk gymnasium! Who even two years ago realized it would come so soon! But, indeed, our gymnasium is no longer a future probability but a present reality. The exercises in laying the corner stone were pleasant indeed, and awakened many memories of the past, some of which we would forget, others we would treasure forever. This is the third exercise of its kind in the history of the university: first, when leaving the old government barracks, was laid the corner stone of Jubilee Hall; secondly that of Livingstone Hall; thirdly that of the gymnasium. Thus step by step has

our present advancement been reached. Monday morning of the above date, the usual chapel exercises were suspended to give place for the corner-stone ceremony. Assembled in the chapel, a few words by way of introduction were spoken by the President. Prof. Bennet followed in a most witty speech which stirred up every body. Prof. Chase spoke of the laboratory. Mr. Miller, '89, spoke in behalf of the young men and Miss Murry '89, represented the young ladies. Dr. Brundage, director of the gymnasium at the State Normal, in this city, and who has taken great interest in the movement from its very incipency, was present with his wife to extend his congratulations. Mr. Morris, '84, spoke for the alumni. The school then, about four hundred strong, repaired to the site of the building. Prof. Wright placed the various things of interest in the stone. With trowel in hand and with well chosen words Miss Morgan formally laid the corner stone. Said she: "We to day assemble to celebrate an event which marks an onward step in progress of our beloved University, the beginning of our third building."

In the name of the Faculty and Students I lay this Corner Stone of the Gymnasium and Mechanical Laboratory of Fisk University.

This building, like its predecessors, Jubilee Hall and Livingstone Hall, is dedicated to the cause of Christian Education, it being the aim of the University to send forth young men and young women of thorough and Symmetrical Culture; young men and women possessing earnest chris-

tian character, well trained intellects and strong vigorous bodies. To-day we lay the Corner Stone in this hope. May the cap stone soon be laid in rejoicing!"

The sealing was done by Treasurer Stickel. After prayer by Professor Bennett the assembly sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

The building when complete will be a handsome one indeed, comporting admirably with stately Jubilee and commanding Livingstone, costing with its apparatus about \$5,000.

Habeamus sanem mentem in sano corpore.

COMMUNICATION.

OAKWOOD, LEON CO., TEXAS.

Dear Editor:—

As I am, I suppose, the only Fiskite in this County, in the "Lone Star State," permit me to give my whereabouts. I have a pleasant school at this place, and, though it is very small, in it, I find many bright minds awaiting to be set aglow with intelligence. I shall endeavor, while here, to light as many lamps as I possibly can, and thus help fulfill the mission of Fisk University.

I hope the quarantine regulations put little impediment in the way of those who had turned their attentions there; and ere this date I hope the University has its full enrollment.

Very truly,

E. W. MCCREE.

Woman's Suffrage was being discussed recently and one young man remarked that he thought women ought to *suffer*.

(Continued from 7th page.)

ate. Yet when we think of John Brown it is of his virtue and not of his fault. So, sleep on, martyred hero, enshrouded in freedom's flag and pillowed upon thy country's constitution. Millions of Afric's sons yet to be will mourn thy memory sweet!

How often do we find it the case that men of brilliant intellect, rare talents and subtle genius, by some extreme act jeopardize and lose their lives which they might have saved and accomplished the same result by using proper discretion.

Be not too excessive. In all things a middle course is the best. Even love, the noblest passion of the human heart, may be too excessive. Furthermore, there is need of care in shunning one extreme, lest we get into another: lest in dodging Scylla we get in to Charybdis.

The trackless path to the goal across the tempest-tossed sea of time is narrow, lying between the vast whirlpools of extremes. Into these whirlpools many straying from the middle course have plunged in deep despair. But between these two points of certain danger brilliantly shine the effulgent rays of the polar star, which will guide us, following the compass of a well-balanced judgement, into the path of the Golden Mean.

The Nicaragua Canal Construction Company has just completed its survey for the final location of the Canal. The route will extend from Creytown on the Atlantic to Brito on the Pacific, a distance of nearly 170 miles. The estimated cost is between sixty and seventy millions of dollars.

LOCALS.

Cold weather is here.

"Lend me a little water" is a familiar expression in Jubilee Hall since the water is so low.

The Seniors are engaged in work in the Laboratory from four to five.

Misses Addie Davis and Mary Coffin and Mr. Stevens are now the practice teachers in the Model school. Three instead of two as formerly! Woe to the little modellites!

Miss Annie Walker, a late student of Fisk, having spent the summer at Houston, Texas, is now at her home, Austin, Texas, sick of malarial fever. We hope she may speedily recover and send her our sympathies.

The usual Missionary meeting was held Sunday evening Nov. 25th, and a collection was taken which will be used for some home missionary purpose.

The Sunday morning meetings of the Christian Endeavor Society are well attended. There is a membership of forty-two; fifteen of whom have joined the Society this year.

Thursday Nov. 29th at 11 A. M., the thanksgiving sermon was preached by our University pastor, Prof. H. S. Bennett.

Text. "He hath not dealt so with any nation." Psalms cxlvii:20.

At 12:30 the Faculty and students repaired to the dining-room, discussed and settled the "Eastern Question."

The Musical Department is steadily increasing in numbers and bids fair to need the service of three teachers

before very long. Already the number of pupils is so large that the two music teachers cannot accommodate them with lessons. Fortunately there are some of the more advanced pupils upon whom we can call in such an emergency; and arrangements have been made with Miss Leonora Aray, a member of the Senior Normal class, by which a portion of her time may be devoted to teaching, and several pupils have been put in her charge. There are now 76 pupils in the department, while 83 have been members during the time since the year commenced. A larger number of pupils in vocal music than at any one time before, and as a consequence sounds are frequently heard issuing from the music rooms which seem incomprehensible to the uninitiated, but which serve a good purpose judging from the improvement in the voices of some of our singers.

Study vocal music if you can afford it. It will pay you in the end to understand how to use your voice.

The fame of our music is extending beyond the limits of Nashville. There are two young ladies from Springfield, Misses Collins and Brown teachers in the schools of that place, who come weekly for instruction in instrumental music.

A rare opportunity is offered to the students of Fisk in the study of music, and if possible all those who are musically inclined should avail themselves of it.

Miss Chamberlin, the instructor in Harmony; meets her class at 4 o'clock on each Friday afternoon. Harmony

is said to be the Grammar of music, and its study is probably as essential to the correct understanding and composition as is the knowledge of the Rules of Syntax to one would express correctly his ideas in speech.

The semi-monthly Rehearsals are a very interesting feature of the department, at which, selections from the best composers are rendered by the pupils from time to time. Below will be found the programme for the Rehearsals of Nov. 28th.

Cradle Song, Barili op. 18, Mrs. Crawford.

Flowers of May, Krug, Josie Hobbs.

Tryolinn Waltz, Spinler, J. Caraway.

Nocturne No. 5, Field, Flora Wright.

The Mill, Jensen, S. Jordan.

Spring Song, Merkel, Leonora Aray.

1st Movement of Sonata op. 14 No. 2, Bethoven, Willie Hadley.

Evening Hymn, Concone, trio sung by Misses Haynes, Armstrong and Crump.

PERSONLAS.

Misses Anna Coleman, Estella Bedford, Alberta Washington and Dora Ousley have recently arrived.

Miss Sallie Johnson of Corydon, Ind., is with us for the first time this year. We gladly welcome her.

The lecture on Nov. 16th was delivered by Prof. Tigert of Vanderbilt University; subject, "The Senses, How we Use Them, And What They Tell Us." This was a very instructive as well as interesting lecture.

Miss A. L. North our New Librarian, has arrived, and will begin her work at once.

Miss Louise B. Harris and Miss Nannie B. Joyce, teachers in the city school of Columbia, Tenn., visited the University on the 8th inst.

Miss Harris was a member of the present Junior Normal class when she accepted a call to Columbia where she is doing acceptable work. It is hoped that another year may find her in our midst again.

Miss Joyce was a student some years ago. We always welcome former students.

EXCHANGES.

The *Phi Sigma* is an interesting journal, well gotten-up.

Student Life contains a good article on "Dante's Inferno."

The *Aegis* has put on a cover. Congratulations! It has a strong editorial column.

The *Call* comes to us teeming with interesting matter. It is especially neat and attractive.

"Sketches", in the *Hesperian*, are exceedingly regaling. This column is a novelty in college journalism, and quite a desirable one.

The *Student* is one of the best exchanges which come to our desk. Its articles on "Music" and "Build Wisely" are worthy the highest commendation.

The *Critic* is a very readable and bright journal. The article on "A few Books which have Helped Me,"

is especially good. The writer values Emerson beyond all other writers.

We wish to extend our hand in congratulation to the *Rambler* for its editorial on the "self-sufficient period" of the young man, who will so audaciously pit his opinions against those of the most learned. We have some of that class in Fisk.

The *University Argus* is a journal of excellent make-up. Its editorial, personal, and local columns are interestingly and ably conducted. Among others the article on "George Eliot" in the November issue deserves special mention.

It is always with a feeling of refreshment we lay aside the *Illini* after digesting its wholesome and spicy contents. The Ex. editor expresses no surprise that there should be a noticeable similarity between the exchange columns of the various college journals. Nor do we. Away with the cynic who does!

Editor Sprague, of the *Doane Owl*, struck the nail on the head squarely in his editorial, "Does Caste exist in America," when he said: "It is a well known fact that the respectable Negro is refused admittance to places where white people whose characters are not above reproach are admitted without hesitancy." Give the nail another blow!

The initial number of the *Springfield Collegian* is now before us. It is well edited, neat and spicy, and has the promise of a useful career. We extend to it our congratulations upon its initial number, with the belief that it will soon take its place in the front rank of college journalism.

We accept the just criticism of the *Recorder*. We shall endeavor to improve in that line. But when the *Recorder* considers that the work of the *Herald* is done by the students, perhaps it will not be so extravagant in its criticism. The *Recorder* is a readable little sheet for a high school.

We always hail with delight the monthly visit of the *American Missionary*. In its November number it gives an interesting account of the struggle of a student in the "Lone Star State." It always brings welcome tidings from what Mr. Cable terms "the mightiest, the widest, the most fruitful, the most abundant, the most prolific missionary field that was ever opened to any christain people."

We always take a peculiar interest in reading *Olio*, from Straight University. Our work lies principally in the same field. If, with its general excellence, any criticism could be made it would be upon the amount of "clipped" matter, that takes the space which, in our judgement, should be occupied with student productions. Thus would be encouraged and stimulated a literary interest among the students, which is the real end of a college journal.

The oldest man across the Atlantic is now pronounced to be a negro named James James of Santa Rosa, Mex., who, it is asserted, was born near Dorchester in 1752. He was in the Revolutionary war with his master; was forty years old when Washington was elected President. He is now at the ripe age of one hundred and thirty six years old.

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